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## RIO JANEIRO.

THE city of Rio Janeiro extends some three miles along the south-west side of the bay, and being much intersected by hills, it is difficult to get a good view of the whole range, unless from the top of one of the mountains near the city, such as the celebrated "Corcovado," which stands out like a pulpit on the plain below, and is some 2,500 feet perpendicular. The view from this pulpit on a clear day is superb, and almost unequalled in the world: the city, with its numerous divisions and suburbs below you—the bay, extending as far as the eye can reach until lost in the plain below the Organ Mountain—the sea, studded with numerous picturesque islands, with vessels looking like white specks upon it, and seen to a great distance—all together form a most enchanting picture, and amply repay the toil of an ascent. The mountain is of granite rock, like all others in this country, but thickly wooded almost to the summit, and you come out quite suddenly on the bare point before alluded to, so much resembling a pulpit. The following description, in a publication\* containing some of the best word-painting of Brazilian city life any where to be met with, will be readily recognised as most just by all who have been long in the capital:—"The town of Rio Janeiro (its proper name is St. Sebastiao) is the largest and best in South America, and the population about equals that of Liverpool. It is laid out in regular squares: the streets are narrow, which, at first sight, seems objectionable to an Englishman, but he soon finds that it affords protection from the scorching sun; and the thoroughfares are tolerably well paved and lighted, and have *trottoirs* at the sides. To obviate the inconvenience arising from the narrowness of the streets, carriages are only allowed to go one way, up one street and down the next, and a hand is painted up on the corners to show which way the traffic is to flow. The best street, Rua d'Ouvridor, is nearly all French, so that one can almost fancy one's self in the Palais Royal; and nearly everything that is to be found in London or Paris may be bought in Rio. Many English merchants have houses in the city, but most of the shopkeepers are French; and this proves a perfect blessing to visitors, for a Brazilian shopman is so careless and indolent, that he will hardly look for anything in his stores, and will often say he has not got the article asked for, to save himself the trouble of looking for it. The best native shops are those of the silversmiths, who work pretty well, and get a good deal of custom, for Brazilians and blacks revel in ornament, often wearing silver spurs and a silver-hafted knife, though perhaps they may not have any shoes to their feet. The Brazilians are very fond of dress; and though it seems so unsuitable for the climate, wear black trousers and an evening suit to walk about the streets in. Strangers will find no curiosities in Rio Janeiro except the feather flowers, which are better here than in Madeira, and fetch a higher price. A Frenchwoman, who employs a number of girls of all complexions in her business, is the principal manufacturer. They are made (or ought to be) entirely of undyed feathers, the best being those of a purple, copper, or crimson colour, from the breasts and heads of humming-birds. One of these wreaths has a beautiful effect, and reflects different-coloured light. The wing cases of beetles are also used, and glitter like precious stones. Madame has her patterns from Paris, so the wreaths are generally in good style and newest fashion. The worst shops are kept by English, and this will be found a general rule in these foreign towns. The merchants are good and honest; but if one wishes to be well taken in, go to a shop kept by an Englishman."

In consequence of the tortuous formation of the streets, constructed round the base of the hills, it is difficult to get more than a bird's-eye view of the city, on ground made by encroachment on the sea; consequently, the streets

are low, without drainage, and in several of the back ones the water collects and stagnates, to the great detriment of health and comfort. Rio itself is a bad copy of Lisbon—streets at right angles, a large square facing the sea, and the suburbs extending up the hills, which everywhere meet your eye. In Lisbon the streets are tolerably made, but here they have built them so miserably narrow, that scarcely even one carriage can pass through, much less pass each other; and it is evident that such vehicles were never contemplated in the original formation of these streets. The only way of getting over the difficulty is, for carriages coming into the city to take one line of streets, and those leaving it another, which they do, excluding omnibuses altogether from the principal thoroughfares. Improvements in this way are most backward, and there seems a great want of municipal government. In many places the pavement is execrable, and generally very bad, the difficulty having probably been increased by laying down mains for water and gas, the latter now in process of execution, and also by heavy rains, which have washed away many parts of the road, and otherwise caused much damage. When once this troublesome job is got through, it is to be hoped some effective measures will be taken to put the streets and branch-roads in order; otherwise they will soon be rendered impassable. Coach and coach-spring-making must be thriving trades here, especially with the immense increase that has taken place in the number of carriages and omnibuses; and it is really wonderful how they stand the continual shocks they have to endure. Mr. Robert Elwes, from whose work we have already quoted, thus writes:—"The inhabitants of Rio Janeiro are fond of carriages, but the specimens generally seen would hardly do for Hyde-park, being chiefly old-fashioned coaches, drawn by four scraggy mules, with a black coachman on the box, and a postillion in jack-boots on the leaders, sitting well back, and with his feet stuck out beyond the mule's shoulders. The liveries are generally gorgeous enough, and there is no lack of gold lace on the cocked hats and coats; but a black slave does not enter into the spirit of the thing, and one footman will have his hat cocked athwartships, the other fore and aft; one will have shoes and stockings, with his toes peeping through, the other will dispense with them altogether. But the old peer rolls on unconscious, and I dare say the whole thing is pronounced a neat turn-out. The Brazilians are great snuff-takers, and always offer their box if the visitor is a welcome guest. It is etiquette to take the offered pinch with the left hand. Rape is the Portuguese for snuff, hence our word 'rappee.' They do not smoke much. The opera was good, the house very large, tolerably lighted, but not so thickly attended as it might be. The ladies look better by candle-light, their great failing being in their complexions, the tint of which may be exactly described by the midshipman's simile of snuff and butter. The orchestra was good, many of the performers being blacks or mulattoes, who are excellent musicians. The African race seem to like music, and generally have a pretty good ear. Both men and women often whistle well, and I have heard the washerwomen at their work whistling polkas with great correctness. I was amused one evening on going out of the opera when it was half over: offering my ticket to a decent-looking man standing near the door, he bowed, but refused it, saying that men with jackets were not allowed in the house."

Government seems at last alive to the absolute necessity of doing something to improve the sanitary condition of the city, and also its internal organisation, as they have lately got out some good practical English engineers, who, we have no doubt, will suggest an effective mode of dealing with present difficulties. If they do not adopt decisive measures, the rate of mortality may be expected to augment fearfully in a dense population of 300,000 to 400,000 inhabitants, huddled together in some 15,000 houses, surrounded by impurities of every kind, not the least being the stagnant water in the streets. No exact

\* "A Sketcher's Tour round the World," by Robert Elwes.

census has ever been taken of the population of Rio Janeiro, which, however, is believed to be between the two figures above given. There is a migratory population, but the accumulation of humanity of every race and colour, contained in some of the large dwelling-houses, is something extraordinary. As before observed, nature has done much for this country, and if the natural facilities of Rio Janeiro were properly turned to account, and local improvements carried out with energy and spirit, it might be rendered one of the finest and most

with the gnomon of a gigantic sun-dial: and, in fact, its shadow in particular localities supplies the place of a parish clock. Its sides are still in great part covered with forest and "matta," or jungle, notwithstanding numerous fires by which it has been devastated, and the immediate result of which is a deficiency in the supply of water to parts of the capital; for the destruction of trees here, as elsewhere, causes a scarcity of the aqueous element, and the springs which arise on and around this mountain feed the conduits and aqueducts that convey that



AQUEDUCT AT RIO JANEIRO.

luxurious places within the tropics. The opportunity is now open to them; the government possess ample means, and it is just a question whether measures of progress are to be effectively achieved, or the city to be abandoned to its fate. The great evil attending all improvement in Brazil is an undue appreciation of native capability, and a disparagement or distrust of those whose practical experience would enable them to grapple with the difficulties that surround them—a kind of little jealousy and mistrust that prevents them from availing themselves of opportunities thrown in their way to carry out undertakings necessary to the well-being of the country; nor can they understand the principle on which such things are regulated in England, still less the magnitude of operations carried on there and in many other parts of Europe. Yet the time seems to be coming when these principles will be better understood here, and when the application of English capital towards the improvement of the country may be safely and legitimately brought to bear.

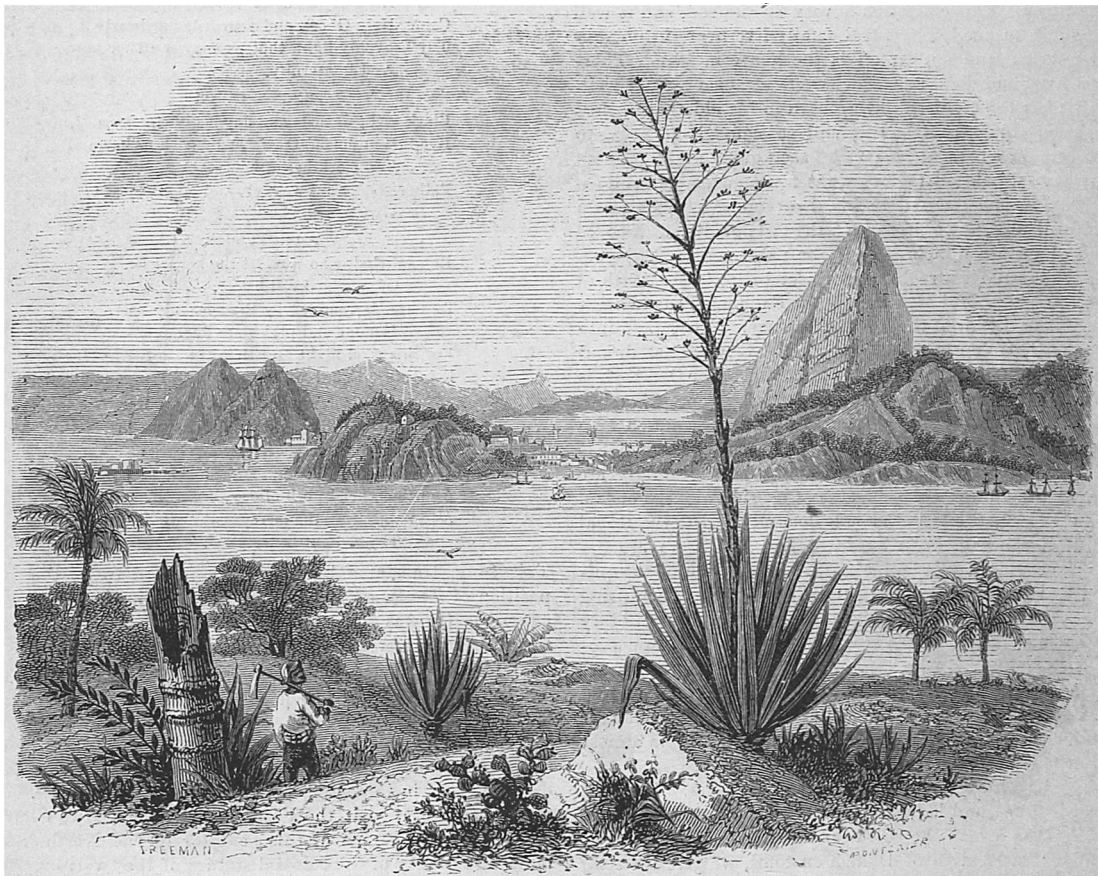
Few spots in the New World are more indebted to nature than the environs of Rio Janeiro, all possible combinations of scenery being included in one magnificent perspective. One of the best views is from the Corcovado Mountain, which, although upwards of 3,000 feet in height, can be ascended on horseback. Like most mountains around, it is rather a rock, or titanic monolith, than a mountain, and it may be compared

fluid into Rio. From the summit may be seen the whole extent of the harbour and city; the Organ Mountains in the distance, several lakes along the coast, a wide expanse of ocean, and innumerable ravines and spurs of the mountain covered with richest foliage. The most remarkable, however, of all the mountains near the capital, is the Gavim, with a flattened summit, sometimes called by the English the Table Mountain, in Portuguese, the "square topsail," to which it bears a resemblance. It is reputed to be inaccessible, at least it has not yet, as far as can be ascertained, been ascended. Opening into the outward harbour is Botafogo Bay (p. 369), a short distance from the capital, where many foreign merchants reside to enjoy the cool sea-breezes, and where the buildings are of a superior description, with beautiful gardens attached, many being luxuriantly planted with oranges and lemons, bananas, pomegranates, palm-trees, and a vast variety of shrubs and vegetables peculiar to Brazil, including the universal cabbage-plant, in great profusion. The aqueduct, which is passed in several places in the ascent of the Corcovado, and which we have engraved above, is a well-built and striking object, crossing several streets of Rio, and conveying excellent water from the heights of that mountain to the different fountains in the town.

The population of Rio, on the arrival of the royal family, did not amount to 50,000, but afterwards rapidly augmented;

so that in 1815, when declared independent, the number had nearly doubled, and now is estimated at about 400,000, with the suburbs and the provincial capital of Niterohy, on the opposite shore of the Bay. This increase is partly to be ascribed to the influx of Portuguese, who have at different times left their country in consequence of the civil commotions which have disturbed its peace, as well as of English, French, Dutch, Germans, and Italians, who, after the opening of the port, settled here, some as merchants, others as me-

chanics, and have contributed largely to its wealth and importance. These accessions of Europeans have effected a great change in the character of the population; for at the commencement of the century, and for many years afterwards, the blacks and coloured persons far exceeded the whites, whereas now they are reduced to less than half the number of inhabitants. In the aggregate population of the empire, however, the coloured portion is still supposed to be treble the white.



BOTAFOGO BAY, RIO JANEIRO.

## COPENHAGEN.

Nor long since a painful interest attached to the capital whose name heads this sketch. In common with many other northern European towns, it was severely visited with cholera, and death and desolation were rampant in its streets. Nor is this much to be wondered at. Copenhagen was built before there was much talk of sanitary reform. It stands low. It has no drainage. If there be truth in the doctrines so loudly and repeatedly preached by sanitarians, Copenhagen should often be severely visited with epidemic disease.

And yet, on a fine summer day, we know no pleasanter place than Copenhagen.

The old song says—and no modern song can gainsay it—that

“A light heart and a thin pair of breeches,  
Will go through the world, my brave boys.”

And it was with these two requisites for going through the world and doing it besides in a pleasant comfortable way, that we found ourselves, one calm autumnal evening, bidding farewell to Kiel—noticeable first for its own intrinsic beauty, and next for the fact that at its university, the only Danish one in which German is spoken, Niebhur was a student—and steaming along the deep, clear blue of that almost tideless and transparent, yet treacherous sea, the Baltic—of course skim-

ming along the water like a thing of life—till we reached the harbour where Nelson had been before, when

“There was silence deep as death,  
And the boldest held his breath  
For a time.”

It was a holiday when, after a run of nearly twenty-four hours, we reached Copenhagen. The ramparts were crowded with the gay butterflies whom the sun had warmed into life, and all Copenhagen seemed to have turned out to bid us welcome. Copenhagen is a pleasant-looking place. In fine weather, at any rate, the streets are clean, and were the shops not so very old-fashioned, they would be brilliant. The writer of “Letters from the Shores of the Baltic” rightly says: “Wide, straight, modern streets, with edifices of the same character, and canals lined with vessels, make a picturesque and pleasing whole. The houses, most of them, are handsome, well built, and Rotterdam-like, with the advantage over the latter of all being in true perpendicular. The town itself is divided into three districts; the old town or Aldstadt, the new town or Friderickstadt, and Christianshavn. In the old town is the royal palace of Christiansburg—being burnt down in 1794, but now restored—a place yet interesting on account of that unfortunate English princess, the sister of one king and the wife of another, who lived within its walls. The palace is but occasionally used. In one wing the royal collec-